

The Tribune
 Established 1888
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Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680.
 Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$12.00 per year in Canada, \$30.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Burlington Weekend Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and The Georgetown Independent.

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Editorials

Candidates' meeting, Nov. 3

Municipal elections are a time when hibernating critics come out of the woodwork and plead ignorance to what's going on. And always, it's someone else's fault.

They don't know their ward member or their ward candidates. Some don't even know their ward. The election date is "sometime in November".

In part, this is understandable. Few ratepayers attend planning board or council meetings unless they have particular requests or problems. Except for the same reasons, most never meet their ward representative. The name may be familiar but the face isn't. Such conditions breed apathy, so the turnout at the polls seldom exceeds 40 per cent.

During Election 1980, this newspaper has attempted to keep the electorate fully informed on who's running for what positions and why. With a race for mayor plus five out of six ward posts, this has been no simple

task. However, with the co-operation of the candidates and by working evenings and weekends, each will have had an opportunity to present his/her views prior to Nov. 10.

But the onus of imparting such information shouldn't rest entirely on the media. Ratepayers should be interested enough to seek out the facts through listening and enquiring as well as reading. Here, again, this has been made relatively convenient through the holding of an All-Candidates Meeting in the High School on Monday, Nov. 3 at 8 p.m.

The forum has been organized by the staff of the Public Library. The deadline date for questions is Friday, Oct. 31.

Try and attend; hear what the candidates have to say and draw your own conclusions. The next two years will be important for Whitchurch-Stouffville. Be a part of choosing the people who will best serve the Town. Be informed.

No sympathizers in politics

Jim Copland was undoubtedly the most enthusiastic new candidate to come to the fore in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

He was enthusiastic, a gung-ho kind of guy, literally "champing at the bit" for an opportunity to get elected and prove his worth.

We liked his eagerness, his intensity. The "first off the mark" close to two months ago, he had put together a no-nonsense, well-organized campaign.

But he made one mistake. He neglected to

meet the Oct. 20 deadline for filing his nomination papers.

This oversight has undoubtedly been the subject of numerous jokes and barbs, some to his face, most behind his back.

If this irreversible error wasn't so personally tragic, it would indeed be comical. But it is tragic and certainly not amusing, not for the candidate and not for the Town.

For, as writer Wayne Arthurs put it last week, Whitchurch-Stouffville needs the Jim Coplands and as many more like him as we can find.

Stouffville being fenced in

Stouffville Council and Planning Board continues to come out strongly in favor of building a fence around the municipality by turning thumbs down on most any development suggestion brought forward. Once again the Board for the most feeble reasons, has turned aside a proposal for an estate subdivision that would certainly have strengthened the town's tax base and made handling of expenses easier for current residents.

In more flourishing times, Planning Boards would at least allow developers to present plans for a more intelligent look at a proposal. Not so today - the most trivial road-blocks are thrown up immediately as the fence is tightened.

This procedure is slowly strangling town business much to the chagrin of those who would like to see the community prosper and be in a position to offer expanded services. Lifelong residents continue to be forced to

leave every month and tell us, "there is just no place to live here, we're sorry, we wanted to stay."

A waste of funds

Elections signs are a waste of time and money; at least in Stouffville.

As of Sunday morning, only one emaciated placard was visible on Main Street between Concessions 9 and 10. What vandals hadn't mutilated, the wind and rain had.

Signs in the rural areas fared better.

This is the first time the Town has gone 'big time' in a vote-catching way. We raise no objections, providing all are removed immediately following election day. However, funds so allocated might be more wisely used on shoe leather. Nothing beats the personal approach.



First ecstasy-then agony for Town Council candidate



Sugar and Spice

Take pity on the big city man

By Bill Smiley



This is a time of year when my heart goes out to city-dwellers. It's a time when rural or small town livin is immensely superior to that in the concrete canyons, the abominable apartments, the sad suburbs of metropolia.

In the city, day ends drearily in the fall. There's the long, wearying 'battle' home through traffic, or the draughty, crushed, degrading scramble on public transportation.

The city man arrives home fit for nothing but slumping for the evening before the television set. And what greets him? The old lady, wound up like a steel spring because she hasn't seen a soul she knows all day, there's nothing to look at but that stupid house next door, exactly like their own, and the kids have been giving her hell.

He's stuck with it. For the whole evening. What's why so many city chaps have workshops in the basement. It's much simpler to go down cellar and whack off a couple of fingers in the power saw than listen to Mabel.

Life is quite different for the small town male. He is home from work in minutes. He surveys the ranch, says, "Must get those storm windows on one of these days," and goes in, to the good fall smells of cold drinks and hot food.

His wife saw him at breakfast, again at lunch, has had a good natter with the dame next door, and has been out for two hours, raking leaves with the kids. She doesn't need him.

Instead of drifting off to the basement, the small town male announces that this is his bowling night, or he has to go to a meeting of the Conservation and Slaughter Club, and

where's a clean shirt. And that's all there is to it.

While her city counterpart squats in front of TV, gnawing her nails and wondering why she didn't marry good old George, who has a big dairy farm now, the small town gal collects the kids and goes out to burn leaves.

There is nothing more romantic than the back streets of a small town in the dark of a fall evening. Piles of leaves spurt orange flame. White smoke eddies.

Neighbors call out, lean on rakes. Women, kerchiefed like gypsies, heap the dry leaves high on the fire. Kids avoid the subject of bedtime, dash about the fire like nimble gnomes.

Or perhaps the whole family goes to a fowl supper. What, in city living, can compare with this finest of rural functions? A crisp fall evening, a drive to the church hall through a Hallowe'en landscape, an appetite like an alligator, and that first wild whiff of turkey and dressing that makes your knees buckle and the juices flow free in your cheeks.

But it's on weekends that my pity for the city-dweller runneth over. Not for him the shooting-match on a clear fall Saturday, with

its good-humored competition, its easy friendliness. Not for him the quiet stroll down a sunny wood road, shotgun over arm, partridge and woodcock rising like clouds of mosquitoes.

It's not that he doesn't live right, or doesn't deserve these pleasures. It's just that it's physically impossible to get to them easily. If he wants to crouch in a duck-blind, at dawn, he has to drive half the night to get there.

Maybe on a Sunday or holiday, in the fall, the city family decides to head out and see some of that beautiful autumn foliage. They see it, after driving two hours. And with 50,000 other cars, they crawl home in late afternoon, bumper to bumper, the old man cursing, the kids getting hungrier, the mother growing owlier.

Small town people can drive for 15 minutes and hit scenery, at least around here, that leaves them breathless. Or they'll wheel out a few miles to see their relatives on the farm, eat a magnificent dinner, and sit around watching TV in a state of delicious torpor.

Yup. It's tough to live in the city, in the fall.

Window on Wildlife

Feeding inflation

By Art Briggs-Jude



It's that time of the year again, golden leaves are falling, bluejays loudly calling. And with the advent of the autumn season and its forecast of blustery days ahead, many people prepare for the annual arrival of their backyard feathered friends. It's a worthwhile pastime and one that provides people in all walks of life with many hours of interest and relaxation. And this practice of feeding wild birds in winter continues to grow with each passing season, judging from the displays and sales of seed and feeders in stores and places that purvey such items.

So from a birdseye view these handouts on the surface anyway appear ideal. An abundance of readily available food just at a time when the natural supply is starting to get a little skimpy. Yet while many well-meaning persons start out now attracting birds to their feeders, during the course of the next few months quite a number of these same enthusiasts will curtail their feeding or even cut it out altogether. Such a turn of events is especially hard on the local birdlife which have by then become somewhat dependent on the daily handouts. It is better by far to assess the situation carefully and make sure once a feeding station is put into operation it is maintained throughout the winter.

Probably the biggest single factor in discouraging the continuation of wild bird feeding programs, is the rising cost of the supplies. I can well remember writing in my column in 1963 about the price of sunflower seed going from \$3.50 to \$4.00 for a 50 lb. bag. That same seed today is up to \$13.95 a bag and with our new streamlined metric system we end up with only 44 pounds. Other mixed seed has gone up correspondingly. So it behooves us to look to other ways and means of supply if we are to keep our bird feed budget in line.

Fortunately, there are many natural foods growing in our area that will provide the

necessary nourishment for birds in winter. And as most of these fall to the ground and are covered with snow, it's a good idea to harvest and store these items to be used as feeder fare when the temperature drops and the world outside is white. For the past number of years we have been storing and freezing mountain ash and elder berries, beech and black walnuts, acorns, wild apples, and choke cherries for this purpose.

In addition, any left over corn cooked or raw is salvaged for the same reason. And while on the subject of corn, cracked corn is not only one of the best wild bird foods, it's one of the most economical too. Of course if you have a farmer friend like we do, you might get him to save you the screenings when he combines, all of which is good bird feed. It's best though to mix it with a little bacon fat to prevent the weed seeds from blowing around. And saving this fat and other from beef is a standard practice at our house where we pour it into cakes and hang it in mesh bags for the woodpeckers. Incidentally, the last time I was in the supermarket getting a roast of beef, I asked the clerk for a piece of that almost extinct item, suet, and he just shrugged and pointed to the horse radish jars above the meat cooler. So I told him what he could do with his horse radish because I was a Yorkshire pudding man.

But getting back to the feeding of birds, you can see with a little effort and outdoor activity you can come up with many attractive foods that are fairly easily obtainable at almost no cost. Oh sure you'll have to get some sunflower seed, but ration it out and supplement it with squash and pumpkin seeds, dried bread and maple keys and some of the other items mentioned above. Just don't forget to crack those nuts and crush those apples and above all, once you've started, keep on feeding.



The quiet of an Uxbridge countryside

Two beef cattle were soaking up the autumn sun and all was quiet on an Uxbridge Township countryside when a Tribune cameraman

happened on the scene. The location is the property of William Gill on the 7th Concession, north of Balsam and south of Glen Major.

Jim Thomas